

# ELLAN VANNIN

BY

"CUSHAG"

G. & L. JOHNSON

DOUGLAS, Isle of Man.

1911.

J.8/K3/1



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**ELLAN VANNIN.**

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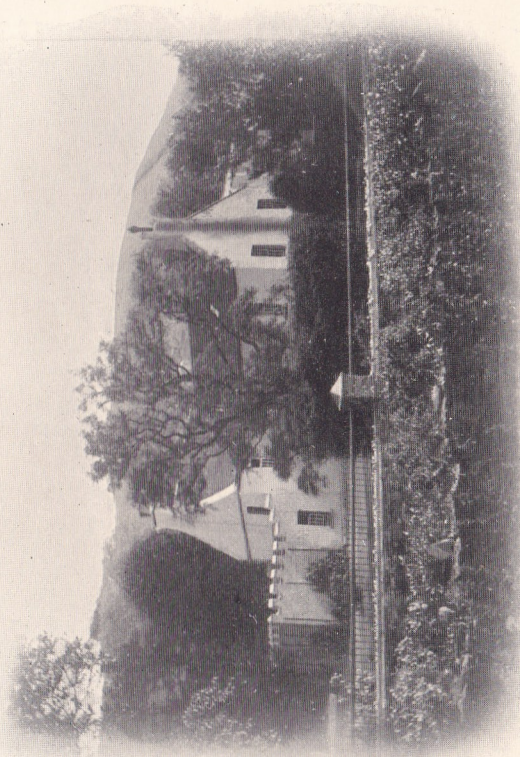
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ISLAND *of* CULTURE  
A large, elegant, black decorative flourish that starts under the word 'ISLAND', loops around, and extends under the word 'CULTURE'.

**MANNIN** ISLE OF MAN **2014**







A simple cottage home-place with steep and gabled roof,  
A little little old place that lay alone, aloof.

# Ellan Vannin

BY

“CUSHAG”



Printed and Published by  
G. & L. JOHNSON  
DOUGLAS, Isle of Man.

1911.





## TO THE LADY RAGLAN.

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### A FAIRY GREETING.

---

*"Themselves" upon the mountains,  
"Themselves" that haunt the plain,  
That sparkle through the fountains  
And laugh among the rain ;  
    Greeting, greeting,  
    Singing in the rain,  
Laughing in the mountains  
    Greet you once again.*

*Your Druid Land's akin to them  
With them you have a part  
That send a song to win to them  
A kindly Irish heart ;  
    Singing, singing,  
    Singing through the rain  
And finding you akin to them  
    Would greet you once again.*

J.K.





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## THE HILLS OF ELLAN VANNIN.

**W**HERE the silver moon is shining  
Over some far-distant shore ;  
Where the weary sun declining  
Sinks amid the city's roar.  
To the toiler in the city,  
To the exile far from home,  
Comes the thought of Ellan Vannin  
Dreaming far among the foam ;  
And they long for Ellan Vannin,  
For the fairy island home,  
For the hills of Ellan Vannin,  
Gleaming through their veil of foam.  
Then beyond the crowded alleys,  
Where the street lets in the sky,  
Shine again the fairy valleys  
On the toiler's tired eye.  
Then beyond the lonely mountain,  
Burning shore or snow-clad plain,  
Rise the hills of Ellan Vannin,  
And the exile's there again ;  
Longing still for Ellan Vannin,  
For the fairy island home,  
For the hills of Ellan Vannin,  
Gleaming through their veil of foam.



# GUILLYN VEGGEY.

"THE LIL FALLAS."

I heard the Guillyn Veggey at the break of day,  
On a merry, merry morning in the month of  
May.

They were hammering an' clamouring an' making  
such a din—

An' yet there's fallas doubtin' that the like is in.

Clink-a-link, link-a-link, link, link, lin,

Clink-a-link, link-a-link, the hammers ring;

Clink-a-link, link-a-link, ding, ding, ding—

An' yet there's fallas doubtin' that the like is in!

They were hammering their barrels in the cooper's  
cave,

Sending out the chips to meet the brimming  
wave.

Working in the hollows of the Cushlin hill,

Turning out their dandy boats an' tackle still.

Clink-a-link, etc.

I heard them in the cave behind the waterfall,

Merry voices echoed by the rocky wall;

While the bay was covered by the chips that flew.

And every chip became a boat with all its crew.

Clink-a-link, etc.

Oh, lucky is the morning in the month of May,  
When you hear the Guillyn Veggey at the break  
of day,

Hammering an' clamouring an' making such  
a din—

For they know the herrin's coming, and there's  
plenty in !

Clink-a-link, link-a-link, link, link, lin,

Clink-a-link, link-a-link, the hammers ring ;

Clink-a-link, link-a-link, ding, ding, ding,

They know the herrin's coming, and there's  
plenty in.

## THE CALL TO THE CALVES.

A LONAN LEGEND.

KEBEG, kebeg, kebeg !  
O, why do you call kebeg ?

The calves are home and the lambs in fold,  
The colt is brought from the upland wold,  
The childher in from the frosty cold—  
Then why do you call kebeg ?

Kebeg, kebeg, kebeg !  
She used to call kebeg.

She went for the calves on a summer night,  
She followed them over the streamlet bright,  
Along the valley and over the height  
We heard her call kebeg.

Kebeg, kebeg, kebeg !  
The fairies called kebeg.

From the dreary pool in the tangled dell,  
The fathomless pool of the Nikkesen's well,  
They called with the voice of a silver bell,  
"Come here, come here, kebeg."

Kebeg, kebeg, kebeg !  
We heard them call kebeg.  
From Mollagh Oure the mist came down  
And shut the glen from all aroun',  
And faint and fainter came the soun',  
Kebeg, kebeg, kebeg !

That's why I call kebeg,  
 And I'm callin' still kebeg.  
 From Nikkesen's pool she'll chance to hear,  
 And joy to know her mother's near  
 So, night by night, and year by year,  
 I'm calling still kebeg.



## THE BISHOP AND THE BOATS.

THESE Bishops I'm toul' is mortal boul',  
 An' doin' a power of praichin';  
 But givin' a han' to a workin man',  
 An' dhrawin' us all to their taichin'.

Its like I'll be took and unanermous shook  
 At the wans from the chappal with hisses;  
 But still an' for all, they're havin' no call  
 To be up with their Wesleyan fisses.

For this falla's thrue, an' plenty to do  
 With fightin' the throw of the wather—  
 An' they're obstinate here, that if threw from the  
 pier  
 They'd drown in the mill-dam to bother.

He's terrible free, an' usin' the sea,  
 An' away with us out to the herrin';  
 An' leavin' his gown in the chiss I'll be boun'  
 While the holly His Lordship is gerrin'.

We were nearly in ruin with buitchin' that's doin',  
An' sceddhan goin' shyer an' shyer,  
But thruth I am tellin' when herrin' is yellin',  
The tallies is higher an' higher.

An' believe me you may, from that very same day  
When me an' the Bishop was fishin',  
The herrin' took heart, an' come back with a start,  
An' we're gerrin' as much as we're wishin'.

## TH' OUL' MARE.

SHE'S rough, an' she's tough urrov massy,  
An' she's gettin' up in years;  
An' her knees is middlin' onaisy,  
An' a piece urrov wan of her ears;

An' wan of her eyes is blinded,  
An' th' other is not for seein',  
But the run of her tees she'll be gerrin'  
As long as she has her bein'.

An' there's wan or two tees at her still,  
For she's terrible handy to nip,  
An' up with her heels in a minute  
If she hears you shakin' the whip.

An' part with her, is it? No never!  
As long as I'm in to be keerin',  
An' goin' perhaps to them hawkers,  
An' sthrangers be raggin' an' teerin'!

Aw no ! On this farm she was rarin',  
An' here she may end her days—  
Come urrov that y' oul' schamer,  
Be off now, an' just go your ways !



## THE FAIRY DOG.

*Childher round the Chiollagh..*

THE poor lil doggie is weenin'  
 To see will we let him come in;  
 Its like he'll be lost on the mountain,  
 An' shiverin' out in the win'.

*Mammy.*

What talkin' of dogs is there on you—  
 What is it you're schamin' theer?  
 Be done with your capers an' noisin',  
 There's no lil doggie here!

*Childher.*

His lil gray paw is workin',  
 Pushin' in at the crack of the dhure,  
 An' a scutchin' of leaves an' rubbage  
 Thrailin' in with his hair on the flure;

An' the poor lil doggie is weenin'  
 To see can he come to the heat,  
 Goin' a losin' its like on the mountain,  
 An' starvin' for somethin' to eat,

*Mammy.*

What talkin' of starvin's there on you?  
 Your suppers is barely ate.  
 Is it wantin' your pieces already—  
 Its a piece of a stick you should get !

*Childher.*

His two lil eyes is peerin'  
 Out under the tussocks of hair,  
 An' a long lil tail on him wavin'  
 An' sweepin' the flure all bare.

An' the poor lil doggie is weenin'  
 Comin' in from the wet an' the mire,  
 An' sweesin' himself, an' sweesin'  
 To see will he get to the fire.

*Mammy (lighting candle).*

Are you nearly done with your pipe, Daa?  
 Is it time we were goin' upstairs?  
 These childher is noisin' an' talkin'  
 When they ought to be sayin' their prayers.

Some surt of a dog they are seein'—  
 An' deed but its likely enough,  
 For Themselves will be watchin' an' peepin',  
 An' takin' a bit of a huff.

Th' oul' people would always be sayin'  
 They were sendin' their dogs before,  
 That the hearth would be goin' a leavin',  
 An' a turf or some bons for a store.

*(to childher),*

Well ! foller your shaddas to bed then.  
 See them climbin' up theer by the wall—  
 An' I wouldn' thrus' but the las' wan  
 Will be took at the fayries for all !

*Childher (going upstairs).*

An' the poor lil doggie is weenin',  
 Sittin' all by himself on the flure—  
 Oh Mammy ! Dont leave us ! They're comin',  
 Thrailin' in at the crack of the dhure !

## CHIBBER-Y-WURRA WATER.

**M**Y Mother lying weak and spent  
Cried out to me her daughter—  
“O for a drink of Mary’s Well,  
Sweet Chibber-y-Wurra water!”

Among the meadows green and low  
I sought in every quarter,  
Till Lily Watson shewed to me  
The Well of healing water.

“My Mother’s blessing on you rest  
For this sweet draught you’ve brought her.”  
“O I’m the one,” she said, “that knows  
Of Chibber-y-Wurra water.”

“But Ramsey folk have nigh forgot  
Among their bricks and mortar  
What virtues dwell in Mary’s Well  
And Chibber-y-Wurra water.”



## THEM OUL' TIMES.

THEM was the times, the fine oul' times  
When the Manx was goin' a spakin';  
In the pulphit an' all, it was goin' for all  
At the like of the oul' Archdacon.

Them was the times, th'oul'-fashioned times  
When the flax would be goin' a spinnin';  
An' the busy the queels were whistling roun'  
As quick as the talk of the women.

Them was the times, the prosperous times  
When no one was thinkin' of savin's;  
But heavin' the puddens over the quay  
To show there was lashin's an' lavin's.

Them was the times, the fine oul' times  
When the weaver was bringin' the Newses,  
An' colloquin' the bargain urrov the wife  
While giving the masthar his viewses.

Them was the times, the coortin' times  
When the buoys to the dhure were stealin';  
An' the busy the dogs were waggin' their tails  
To show there was no ill-feelin'.

Them was the times, the fine oul' times  
When the childher were goin' a rarin'  
On porridge an' jough, an' bonnags an' broth  
An' suppin' on priddhas an' herrin'.

*From "Rosy Basins."*

## UNDER THE THATCH.

I used to think my little house the snuggest in  
the world around,  
And long, long for home when I sailed upon  
the sea,  
Its fuchsia bowers and mallow flowers that flushed  
with pink the rocky ground;  
And under the thatch was all the world to me.

I used to think my boy and girl the fairest in the  
world around,  
And watch for their faces amid the wildest sea;  
Their laughing ways and pretty plays with all  
my daily tasks were bound,  
And under the thatch was all the world to me.

I used to think my Nancy's eyes the dearest in  
the world around,  
And long, long for her, when away upon the sea;  
Her hearth so neat, and voice so sweet, with love  
in every sight and sound,  
And under the thatch was all the world to me.

But now the boy and girl are gone to wander  
through the world around,  
So long, long it is since they sailed across the  
sea!  
And Nancy lies with darken'd eyes at rest beneath  
the Church-yard mound,  
And under the sod is all the world to me !



## THE HOME PLACE.

THE hills of God surround it, His Arms are  
round it still  
Through days of cloud and sunshine, through  
times of good and ill.  
Though trees are felled and fallen, and hedge  
rows spoiled and bared,  
Its picture still unaltered to memory is spared.

A simple cottage home-place with steep and  
gabled roof,  
A little little old place that lay alone, aloof.  
We never found it lonely with every tree a friend,  
And dear familiar faces at every turn and bend.

Will strangers love the larch-tree and watch its  
golden fur  
Come drifting o'er the pathway in the dim  
November air!  
Will they watch the crag at sunset to see the  
rosy light  
Come stealing o'er the gray rock to pour along  
the height.

The thrushes still are nesting where high above  
the sward  
Those twin Herculean pillars still keep their  
watch and ward;  
The wood-doves murmur ever below the  
sheltering hill,  
And singing through the meadow the streamlet  
ripples still.

The trees, the trees are fallen, and bare the  
meadows lie,  
But over crag and pasture still shines the morning  
sky;  
The hills are folded round it that none can take  
away,  
And memory's rainbow vision will ever with us  
stay.

## BEN VARREY.

**F**AIR are the jewels Ben-varrey has scattered,  
 Fair as the rain-bow, they girdle the bay,  
 Turquoise and beryl with diamonds flashing,  
 Soft-beating opal with luminous ray.  
 Sown in the tangle white seed-pearls are  
 gleaming,  
 Crystal and spangle  
 From pebbles a-dangle,  
 While sea-maids are dancing,  
 And sunbeams are glancing,  
 And brown sands are streaming  
 With sparkle of spray.

Maidens beware for a shadow is falling !  
 Quickly the treasures in darkness are hid ;  
 Turquoise and beryl no longer are beaming,  
 Pearls from their pebbles have glimmered and  
 slid.  
 Down in the tangle the jewels are biding,  
 Crystal and spangle  
 No longer a-dangle,  
 But sea-maids are dancing,  
 Where sun-beams are glancing,  
 And peeping and hiding  
 To flash out unchid.

Fair is Ben-varrey, but ah, for her willing !

Woe to the fisherman caught in her snare.  
Jewels are hiding her nets by their flashing,

Firmly she'll bind him, as cruel as fair.

Under the tangle her spells she is weaving,

With crystal and spangle

And pebbles a-dangle ;

While sea-maids are dancing,

And sun-beams are glancing,

Her knots she is reeving—

Ah, fisher beware !



## MY GOOD OLD MAN !

WHERE go you now my good old man,  
Where go you now and the night so wild?  
I go to search for one that's lost  
By wicked men beguiled.

What like was she my good old man,  
What like was she that you loved so dear?  
Like sunshine in an April sky  
Her blue eyes shone so clear.

My eyes are dim my good old man,  
My eyes are dim with the tears that flow—  
Come home, come home my poor lost lamb,  
Those tears will heal our woe !

## THE BALLAFLETCHER CUP.

WHEN Magnus brought the magic cup  
From Norway o'er the sea,  
He said, "Where shall I find a place  
Where this may safely be!"  
For who shall break this crystal cup  
From strife shall have no rest;  
But who shall keep this crystal cup  
With peace he shall be blest.  
So rare a thing, so fair a thing  
Is peace for ever blest."

"The Northern farms stand square and strong,  
Begirt with golden corn;  
But Scottish kerns come raiding o'er  
And vanish with the morn.  
Old Inis Patrick holds her own  
Above the stormy waves,  
But she might lose the lovely thing  
Among her winding caves.  
Too rare a thing, too fair a thing  
To hide in gloomy caves,"

"In Castle Rushen's banquet hall  
 A place might sure be found ;  
 But some great shout with shattering note  
 Would dash it to the ground.  
 From Point of Ayre to Scarlett Rocks,  
 From Scarlett round to Bride,  
 Where shall I find a place of peace  
 In all the country wide?"

A little child came running by  
 And whispered in his ear :—  
 "Trust not the cup to mortal hands,  
 Though they should hold it dear.  
 But search among those ancient trees  
 On Ballafletcher lea,  
 You there shall find a place of peace  
 Where dwells the Lhiannan Shee.  
 So rare a thing, so fair a thing  
 Leave with the Lhiannan Shee."

The little child ran on before,  
And Magnus followed swift;  
He found the place of ancient peace  
Where he might leave his gift.  
"I leave the cup with you," he cried,  
"O mystic fairy sprite  
With magic spell, Oh, guard it well  
And watch it day and night.  
So rare a thing, so fair a thing  
To guard by day and night."

And now where stand those churches twain  
On Ballafletcher strand,  
May peace and plenty still be found,  
Through all the pleasant land.  
Though storms may ravage overhead,  
And clash their pealing bells;  
Yet men may walk in peace below  
If peace within them dwells,  
So rare a thing, so fair a thing  
Is Peace where'er she dwells.



## THE BREAK OF DAY.

CRONK ny-Irree-Lhaa  
 Dark at the break of day !  
 When dawn begins to show  
     With pearl-white glow,  
 Then from the furrowed sea  
 Turn weary eyes to thee,  
 And homing toilers of the night  
 Look up to where the orient light  
 Shall kindle on thy burning height  
     Its first bright ray.

All that in gloom had lain  
 Leaps into life again,  
 As to thy rugged heart  
     The sunbeams dart ;  
 And with the trickling streams  
 Catching the flying gleams,  
 Come dancing down from side to side  
 To spread their gladness far and wide,  
 And fling themselves along the tide  
     In silver rain.

Larks in the lift above  
 Sing to the light they love ;  
 And round their rocky keep  
     The falcons sweep ;  
 For night and gloom have fled,  
 God's sun is overhead,  
 And shining down with quick'ning ray  
 On Lag-ny-Keeilley's ruins gray  
 Where brooded at the Break of Day  
     His Holy Dove.

## THE CURLEWS.

THE winds cried over the waters  
And the waves cried up to the sky;  
And the curlews cried in the darkness  
Where surely land was nigh.

The cry went up in the old time  
(God save us from demon thrall !)  
The winds and the waves and the curlews  
With the oldest cry of all.

And men cried out in the darkness  
To the god of the cruel sea,  
To spare their souls in the tumult  
And hear their anguished plea.

And the winds and the waves and the curlews  
Went on with their endless call ;  
But the cry of the men for mercy  
Was the saddest cry of all.

Mananan, Mac-y-Leir  
 Mananan, hear oh hear !  
 Mananan, god of the wave  
 Mananan, hear and save !

From the might of the sea in the deep of the  
 night,  
 From the roar in the darkness, the madness  
 of fright,  
 From the Powers of Ill in the hopeless  
 fight—  
 Mananan, hear and save !

Is there never an answer heard ?  
 Never an answering word ?  
 Never a hand to save—  
 Nought but the cruel wave.

In the might of the sea they were drownèd  
 deep,  
 In the roar of the darkness they sank to  
 sleep,  
 And the wives and the children were left to  
 weep—  
 And Mananan could not save.

## THE COMING OF THE SAINTS.

THE Saints came over from Ireland,  
And they heard the curlews cry,  
And they knew that in mist and darkness  
The land was surely nigh.

Far spent they were and weary  
With battling the salt-sea wave,  
And far was their home in Ireland  
And ever the coracle drave.

And they heard the voice of the waters  
And the storm winds took no rest ;  
But the curlews still were crying  
And still they held their quest.

For Patrick had spoken in Ireland  
And sent them on their way  
To seek through the salt sea-waters  
For the Hill of the Rising Day.



But gray was the sea around them  
And gray was the mist before,  
And full was the air with voices  
But never a glimpse of shore.

And ever a space was rifted  
By shadowy demon hands  
And they watched the Powers of Evil  
Warring in grisly bands.

Then Romuil said, "We have battled  
And fought through the weary hours  
And the mist that is folded around us  
May save us from Evil Powers."

"We will battle and fight no longer  
No masterless men are we ;  
But rest in the Hand of our Master  
Who ruleth all Powers that be,"

And they laid them down in the darkness  
Nor heeded the leaping wave ;  
And their sleep was the sleep of children  
While ever the coracle drave.

And the winds and the waves and the waters  
Went on with their endless call,  
But the cry of the men for mercy  
Went up to the Power of all.

And behold on the wings of the morning  
They floated in Dalby Cove,  
And the mist was riven before them  
And the sun shone out above.

So the Saints came over from Ireland  
To break the demon sway,  
And the Light sprang out of the darkness  
On the Hill of the Rising Day.

## THE BABE OF EAREY CUSHLIN.

SO sad the lot of babe forlorn  
 That hath no home in earth or sky,  
 But sobs along the dark'ning broogh—  
 "A Babe without a Name am I!"

Scarce launched upon its earthly course,  
 It had no time to sin or pray;  
 But all unwelcome, undesired,  
 Its harmless life was cast away.

Unblest by sign of Holy Cross,  
 Whose weight, like Christ, it surely bore,  
 A sinless soul, through dreary space  
 Thrust out to wander evermore.

It sobs along the lonely broogh,  
 Where night and darkness fill the sky,  
 "Oh, pity me! Oh, pity me!  
 A Babe without a Name am I!"

! ! ! ! ! !

Dark was the night and rough the road  
The Heiress in her anguish trod ;  
To frenzy wrought, her only thought  
To hide her shame beneath the sod.

Ask not what woeful deed was done  
Ere dimly dawned the sombre day ;  
What madness of despair sent forth  
That dreadful cry above the bay !

The sea-mews rose and wheeled and crossed,  
White wings against the dark brow'd hill ;  
And widening circles on the tide  
Broke silently, and all was still.

. . . . .



At Earey-Cushlin blinds are drawn,  
And whispers fill the stagnant air,  
Wet foot-prints track the silent hall,  
And sea weed drips from off the stair.

And on a day the mourners go,  
And hymns are sung and prayers are said,  
And in the Churchyard's hallowed ground  
They leave one more among the dead.

And should they grudge her hallowed ground  
That knew not what despair was hers,  
Nor dreamed what madness found her there  
In that lone Keeill among the furze?

So mass was sung and prayers were said,  
And tender hearts wept tears of pain.  
Perchance such tears might help to cleanse  
A hopeless soul from sinful stain.

Sad fate was hers ; yet might she hope,  
Though ages long must pass before,  
Through prayers and fears and burning tears  
At last to reach the heavenly door.

And then—when purged by cleansing fires  
She trembles toward the distant light,  
Will she not think of that poor babe  
Thrust out to wander through the night !

. . . . .

So sad the lot of Babe unblest  
That hath no home in heaven or earth,  
But mourns in its cold winding sheet  
About the place that gave it birth.

It may not reach to heaven above  
It may not rest in earth below ;  
Nor with its lighted taper pierce  
The limbo of its outcast woe.

The gray tide leaps upon the rocks,  
The sea-mews rise and cross and wheel,  
And ever as the darkness falls  
The Babe weeps lonely in the Keeill.

And in its trailing winding sheet  
Sobs o'er the broogh its piteous cry :—  
“ Oh pity me ! oh pity me !  
A Babe without a name am I ! ”

---

THE old man ceased, and in the pause,  
We watched the smoke against the hill;  
As in a dream he told his tale,  
As in a dream we listened still.

His sea-blue eyes though dimmed by years  
Saw far beyond our time and space,  
And child-like faith in unseen things  
Had smoothed the furrows in his face.

His simple creed—to do his best  
As guardian of that treasured pile,  
Whose ancient towers and ruined choirs  
Stand crowned about Peel's holy Isle.

And leaning on his staff he sat  
Beside us in the sunny nook,  
Embrasured by cathedral walls  
Whose stones were all his sacred book.



Far off in haze we saw the Cronk  
That frowns o'er Earey Cushlin's strand,  
So far remote it seemed to be  
As old tales told in fairy-land.

And then one spoke—"Ah, say not so  
That sinless souls could thus be left  
To suffer for another's fault  
Forever—of all hope bereft."

"Such hapless souls might rather be  
The nurslings of the saints on high,  
And learn in gentler worlds than ours  
The music of the earth and sky."

"Alas!" he said, "those little ones  
Who unbaptised have breathed and died,  
May never reach the highest bliss—  
But still—the Father's net is wide."

“And you shall hear how this poor Babe  
 Was lifted from its grievous plight,  
 And, by the faith of two poor men,  
 Set free to reach the blessed Light.”

. . . . .

From Niarbyl Point to Bradda Head  
 The great Bay Mooar lies broad and deep,  
 And here the fishers cast their nets,  
 While landward folk are lost in sleep.

With steady sweep of heavy oars,  
 From Dalby strand they make their way,  
 Before the lingering light has left  
 The crags of Cronk-ny-Iree Lhaa.

Sometimes the night is loud with storm,  
 Sometimes the creeping fog comes round,  
 And sometimes all the moonlit hours  
 Are holy with a peace profound.

Sometimes between the dusk and dark  
The fishers see a glancing spark,

A tiny riding-light ;

Now here—now there—

And now a pair,

And now a score,

And everywhere

Around them dancing bright.

And straightway all about them ride

The fairy nickies on the tide ;

And all the air is full of din,

And elfish voices, shrewd and thin,

And creak of spar,

And smell of tar,

And water washing up the side ;

While here and there,

And everywhere,

The gentle folk

Are well bespoke,

And room is left for them to ride

In safety on the gleaming tide.

And then a puff

Of wind comes by,

“ Oie-vie, oie-vie ! ” the fairies cry.

And all around the sea is bare,

And not a boat is anywhere !

And that's the time the men would find  
    Good luck with all the nets they cast,  
And rowing slow with loaded store,  
    Be home before the night was past.

But other times the fish was scarce,  
    And some would stay and some would go,  
About the Sloc or further out  
    Or back to sleeping Dalby, row.

And sometimes only one alone  
    Would drift along the shadowy land,  
And in the darkness quake to hear  
    The Babe at Earey-Cushlin strand.

Two mates were drifting thus one night  
    In lonely silence on the Bay,  
Such silence as old comrades know  
    That means more than a man can say.

Then spoke at last the younger man—  
    “The Babe is fretting sore to-night;



And pitiful it is to hear  
Its cries up yonder on the height !”

And then the twain began to speak  
Of that sad story of the place ;  
And question why such things should be  
And what could limit Saving Grace.

“ For seemeth me,” the elder said,  
That babe hath more than common loss,  
For it was born on holy ground  
Though never named with sign of cross.”

“ And seemeth me,” he musing said  
“ It must have been so nearly saved,  
That even now it might be blest  
If any man the deed had braved.”

“ And surely God’s own heart must ache  
To hear it sobbing through the dark,  
And long to have its christened soul  
Beside Him in the sheltering ark.”

“Your tender babes are safe at home,  
And cradled in their mother’s prayers ;  
My sturdy sons to manhood grown,  
Have long repaid my early cares.”

“The very hawks upon the hill  
Watch their fierce brood through calm and  
storm ;  
And timid conies in the fern  
Keep their soft younglings safe and warm.”

“And will not He who made them all  
Watch o’er His little lost ones too,  
And, maybe waited till this hour,  
For us poor men His Will to do.”

And then the other made reply—

“Let us christen the Babe if that be so,  
And if we are doing the Will of the Lord  
He will send us a token, that we shall know.”

And these men of the sea stood up in the boat,  
That under them gave, and rocked, and swayed,  
And their hearts o'erflowed with a mighty faith,  
And they spake with God and were not afraid.

And they signed the Cross on the midnight air,  
While the lifting billows rolled and fell,  
And the star of night was their altar-light,  
And the deep sea sounded their vesper bell.

And the elder lifted his sea-worn hand,  
And bared to the sky his rev'rent head ;  
While the younger followed him word by word.  
And thus to the Babe they spoke and said—

“ If thou'rt a boy thy name shall be Juan,  
If thou'rt a girl thy name shall be Joan.”  
And the crying ceased and the Babe was still  
And the sound of the sea was heard alone.

And a star shot up from the lone dark Keeill  
And a soul flew free from the throes of night;  
And their eyes were opened that they could see  
The Babe's glad welcome to fields of light.

And they heard the music of harps on high  
While the lifting billows rolled and fell,  
Till the sun rose over the watching Cronk  
And the deep sea sounded their matin bell.



## WITH THE BOATS.

**N**OW the boats are outward sailing  
     With the tide,  
 Do Thou still with watch unfailing,  
     Guard and guide.  
 Ruler of the restless sea  
 O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
     Hiarn jean myghin,  
     Chreest jean myghin,  
     Hiarn jean myghin, ta shin guee !

Now the wreaths of smoke ascending  
     Fill the air,  
 Like a cloud of incense blending  
     With our prayer,  
 From the land and from the sea  
 O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
     Hiarn jean myghin  
     Chreest jean myghin  
     Hiarn jean myghin, ta shin guee !

From the sea our eyes are sighting  
    As we run,  
Where at home the lamps are lighting  
    One by one.  
There on shore and here at sea  
O hearken when we cry to Thee,  
    Hiarn jean myghin,  
    Chreest jean myghin,  
    Hiarn jean myghin, ta shin guee.

## A SONG OF PRAISE.

WHEN I would rise to praise my God  
    With ever grateful heart,  
So much I have to thank Him for  
    I scarce know where to start.

The swelling buds, the springing green  
    The blue of April sky,  
The gold that paints the buttercups  
    The thrush's watchful eye.

The burnished beech that clothes the hedge  
    When winter's horn doth blow,  
The fairy film of frost that binds  
    The treasures of the snow.

Sweet spring-time notes at early dawn  
    Soft showers of summer rain,  
The busy sheep dog's sounding bark  
    That echoes through the plain,

The curlews on the lonely shore,  
The happy lambs at play,  
The rising lark, the sailing cloud,  
The calm at close of day.

These joys are with us all the year  
For them my thanks are given;  
And for the power to feel that they  
Are surely part of Heaven.

But all that we have now set down  
Is but a tiny part,  
Of that full tide of thankfulness  
That fills my grateful heart.

Nor day, nor year, nor life itself  
Could half contain the roll  
Of all I have to thank Him for  
With heart and voice and soul,



Then bear with me a little space  
 That I may still rehearse  
 Some chiefest blessings I can find  
 To wing my simple verse.

. . . . .

I thank Him for a life to live  
 As well as lips to praise,  
 And for the hope that lies beyond  
 With ever-widening ways ;

For answered prayer, for gifts unsought  
 For strength by sorrow given ;  
 For power to feel from year to year  
 That earth is part of Heaven ;

For friends whose faith illumines the path  
 Where dimly still we grope ;  
 For saintly lives lived in our midst  
 That teach us we may hope.

! ! ! ! !

I knew not where to start, and now  
I scarce can make an end,  
So singing as I homeward go  
My cheerful way I'll wend.

## THE TASK.

**F**ORGIVE, forget—a noble task  
Though hard to perfect yet;  
But where we cannot all forgive  
We may in part forget.

And better in Life's training school  
The standard should be high,  
Lest for a place too lightly gained  
We should refuse to try.

Sore are the wounds a stranger gives  
And sorer far we feel  
Some secret spite—and worse than all  
The blow a friend may deal.

And even so—yet Life goes on,  
And Time with kindly sway  
Brings both hands full of happy things  
To turn our thoughts away

So finding treasure everywhere,  
Our hearts with love imbued  
For all that lives and grows and sings  
Have little time to brood;

But learning still from day to day  
We near the standard set;  
And where forgiveness seems too hard  
Thank God—if we forget.



## HIS HAND.

O DIDST Thou touch me in my sleep,  
Or was it but a dream,  
That waked me ere the morning light  
Had met the sun's first gleam.

And though at that most gentle touch  
I woke in fear and dread,  
The moment passed—I knew Thy Hand  
And all my fear was fled

## AT MAUGHOLD.

THE joyous company of mounting larks  
Sing to the quiet dead,  
And slumber song of thymy bees is heard  
Around their bed ;  
While nought may vex them there on Maughold's  
breast  
Nor wake the summer stillness of their rest.

And on the hill their sleeping kinsfolk lie  
Beneath the driving gale ;  
They heed not beat of sun nor whirling blast  
Nor winter hail ;  
But rest as sweetly under storm and snow  
As those who shelter with the Saint below.

Enough for One they reached their Home at last  
By roads that could not meet,  
Until the shining of the sunset light  
Showed weary feet  
That all those diverse paths that late they trod  
Were byways only of the road to God.

## EASTER AT CRONK-Y-VODDEY.

WE thought the day was ended  
When sudden storm of rain,  
With darkness swift descended  
O'er mountain, moor and plain.  
When lo, a ray of clearest light  
Lit up the wild hills ere the night.

It flashed through all the mountain glens  
And touched the trees with golden fret,  
And every cottage window shone  
Like jewelled breast-plate newly wet.

Fear not when joys are ended  
And youth and hope are fled,  
Though lone and unbefriended  
The path remains to tread;  
For still, some ray of purest light  
May meet you on the distant height.

Clear shining after storm and stress,  
And sparkling on the tear-wet way,  
That light will make your eventide  
The brightest jewel of the day.

## THE HOMELY MOON.

THE homely moon rose broad and full  
Beyond the willow trees,  
That turned their silvered leaves to her  
And rustled in the breeze.

We loved to watch her kindly face,  
And think her tender ray  
Was falling on our island home  
So far—so far away !

To-night she rises broad and fair  
Above the twisted larch,  
That for a century and more  
Has watched her upward march.

I love to see her kindly face,  
And know that same soft ray  
Is falling on my darling's grave  
So far—so far away !



## THE SORROWFUL CROSSING.

*" Yet sorrow not as those who have no hope."*

O ELLAN VANNIN we are grieving sore,  
Lost Ellan Vannin, for the souls you bore  
Through that dark crossing to an unseen shore.

What was the story of that last farewell?  
Nought but the ocean's voice remains to tell,  
Tolling above them with its endless knell.

O sorrow, sorrow, for the ship that's lost,  
O sorrow, sorrow, for the tears she cost,  
But sorrow not for those that safely crossed.

Though through the darkness of the wintry morn  
Came that stern call for them ere day was born;  
No time to grieve for those they left forlorn !

Though with the blare of that great trumpet blast,  
High over head the mighty wave was cast,  
From storm to Peace eternal, swift they passed.

O sorrow, sorrow, for the ship that's lost,  
O sorrow, sorrow, for the tears she cost,  
But sorrow not for those that safely crossed.

For One came to them on that awful wave,  
With loving hands outstretched to calm and save—  
Straight to the Port of His strong Arms they drive.

He took the nestling babe to His own Breast,  
He drew them safely through the surging crest  
Of death's dark wave to Light, and Peace, and  
Rest.

Long may we sorrow for the ship that's lost,  
Long may we sorrow for the tears she cost,  
But sorrow breaks in joy for those that  
crossed.

## GOOD-BYE.

**N**OW must we leave you where lowly you rest,  
Jesu receive you that loveth you best !  
Now from your sleeping draw we apart  
Lest by our weeping we sadden your heart.

Now must we leave you with tender Good-bye,  
Jesu receive you that heareth our cry !  
We on the morrow turn to our way  
Left in our sorrow to finish the day.

Bright be the waking ! Soon will the morn  
Shadows forsaking, spring from the dawn.  
He will receive you that loveth you best,  
Safely we leave you now to your rest.

## BEULAH.

“THE sun is rose an’ fell on me  
This nearly ninety years,  
While I have seen my share of joy  
An’ shed a sight of tears.

An’ now I’m in my eighty-nine  
An’ goin’ down the hill,  
I’m thinkin’ tears have passed me by  
But joys are with me still.

I’m takin’ still my daily walk  
Along the leafy lane,  
An’ by the low white pillar sit  
To look on Ballawhane.

The little childher on me smile,  
The lovely flowers I see,  
An’ through the little everin’  
The t’rushes sing to me.”



TO M.L.W.  
ON HER BIRTHDAY.

O FAITHFUL friend, and teacher of that speech  
Which surely Angels use in Paradise,  
When, rising tier by tier, the white-robed throng  
Fill all the space of Heaven with sounding chords  
To celebrate the birth of some new world;  
Or with soft plaints, as when a sweet babe dies,  
And all his company of infant friends  
Sob out their little hymns beside his grave;  
Or, highest use, when myriad voices ring  
With Alleluias through the starry dome  
Of that vast hall where our great Leader sits,  
And praise the Giver in His glorious Gift—  
We fain would greet thee in that speech of theirs,  
Though to their harmonies we may not reach;  
Yet, learning still, with such as thee to lead  
And train the Heavenward ear from day to day  
To clearest concord, jarring notes shall cease,  
And all our lives be tuned to sweetest song.

O faithful servant of our Island Church  
That gave thy best to Him Who placed thee here,  
As one pure reed from His own instrument  
Vibrating clear from His own perfect touch.  
Thy tuneful life is one sweet symphony  
That we who love to hear may understand,  
And strive to follow till we find our parts  
And learn to join the universal song.

O faithful friend and teacher, may the years  
Fall soft as rose-leaves on the homeward path!  
And may we all as thy loved pupils come  
To stand with thee on that high holiday,  
When, all earth's jarring discords at an end,  
And all uncertainties of learning cleared,  
We swell the music of the morning stars  
And join the chorus of the Heavenly song.

## THE MOTHER'S CAROL.

SING soft and low  
Ye winds that blow  
And whisper round this quiet shed.  
Wake not His sleep  
For shadows deep  
Are drawing round His sacred Head.

Sing sweet and high  
Ye birds that fly,  
But gently trill your tender theme;  
Lest all too soon  
Your joyous tune  
Should wake Him from some Heavenly dream.

Sing loud and strong  
Ye Angel throng  
To Kings and shepherds bear the sign,  
That peace on earth  
Has come to birth  
And lies amid the humble kine.

O let Him rest  
In this poor nest,  
Where still His Mother softly sings;  
For well we know  
What tears will flow  
Ere sorrows crown Him King of Kings.



## THE LITTLE EVERIN'.

**T**HE sun is goin' wes' with me  
 The little everin's nigh,  
 An' clearer shines the light upon  
 Those mansions in the sky;  
     An' surely through that level light  
     The very flowers shine more bright,  
     An' all things soften to the sight,  
     In the little everin'.

The years have slipped away from me  
 Like snow before the rain;  
 I would not ask to have them back  
 Or live them through again;  
     But thankful at the close of day  
     I linger on the homeward way  
     An' watch the childher at their play  
     In the little everin',

The bit of writin's done at me  
That all should have their share,  
An' keep the gable standing yet  
With honest toil and care;  
    An' now with quiet heart I bide  
    An' listen to the sooreyin' tide  
    That lures me to the further side  
    In the little everin'.

There's some that's gone away from me  
In lands afar to roam;  
An' some that's gone to wait for me  
In that new Heavenly Home.  
    I see them in the sunset gleam  
    They speak with me across the stream  
    An' all my life becomes a dream  
    In the little everin',

The pit of within's shame in me  
 That all should have their share  
 In being the gable window yet  
 With honest roll and eye  
 And now with quiet hand I hide  
 My face to the rooming light  
 That takes me to the further side  
 In the little room.

There's some that's gone away from me  
 In hands not to come  
 And some that's gone to wait for me  
 In that new life and home  
 I see them in the rooming light  
 They speak with me across the stream  
 And all my life becomes a dream  
 In the little room.

NOTES AND APPENDIX.

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- P. 9. While not professing to be an exact translation of "The Hills of Ellan Vannin," the following lines in Manx are an attempt to express the same idea in the "*shenn ghlare*." To the very few remaining at home and abroad who can still read the Manx I trust they may give pleasure; but I must also ask them to forgive its imperfect rendering, and pardon its many faults. To the kind help of my friend, Miss S. Morrison of Peel, I am indebted for being able to express myself, however feebly, in our beautiful old language; and also for the help and encouragement she has given me in tracing out old traditions and customs.



# NY CROINK JEH ELLAN VANNIN.

**R**AAD ta'n eayst myr argid soilshean  
 Er traie ennagh foddey jeh,  
 Raad ta'n ghrian goll sheese ayns aalid  
 Fud feiyr ball' ec kione yn laa ;  
 Gys yn obbree ayns y valley  
 Gys yn eerbyrtagh veih 'hie  
 Hig myr ashlish Ellan Vannin  
 Foddey jeh 'sy chesh ny lhie.  
     As t'ad gearree son yn Ellan,  
     Son nyn ynnid vaghee veen,  
     Son ny croink jeh Ellan Vannin  
     Lhondyrnee trooid kesh yn cheayn.

Cheu-hoal jeh ny straidyn chionnit  
 Raad ta'n ghrian streeu ayns fardail ;  
 Ta ny coanyn sheeoil cronnit  
 Er yn er ceaut lesh tooilleil ;  
 Eisht cheu-hoal jeh 'n slieu fadanagh  
 Strah dy rio, traie lostee neesht  
 Girree ta ny croink jeh Mannin  
 As ta'n eeb'rtagh dreamal reesht ;  
     Gearree foast son Ellan Vannin  
     Son e ynnid vaghee veen,  
     Son ny croink jeh Ellan Vannin  
     Lhondyrnee trooid kesh yn cheayn.

- P. 10. Guillyn veggey—Little fellows.
- P. 12. Kebeg—The call to the calves differs slightly in different Parishes, and probably bears the meaning of "little ones."
- P. 14. Sceddhan—Herring.
- P. 15. Buitchin'—Witching.
- P. 18. Chiollagh—The open hearth.
- P. 19. Sweesin'—Squeezing.
- P. 20. Bons—Sticks of gorse, &c., for kindling.
- P. 21. Chibber-y-Wurra—St. Mary's Well.
- P. 23. Jough—Ale.
- P. 28. Ben Varrey—Woman of the sea—mermaid.
- P. 32. Lhiannan Shee—The Peace Fairy.
- P. 34. Cronk-ny-Irree-Lhaa—Hill of the Rising Day.
- P. 42. Keeill—Chapel.
- P. 48. Oie-vie—Good-Night.
- P. 54. Hiarn jean myghin, ta shin guee—Lord have mercy, we are praying.
- P. 63. Rhullick-ny-Quakeryn—The Quakers' burial-ground on a bare hill-top in Maughold, where the persecuted Friends were laid to rest.
- P. 74. The little everin'—Twilight.
- P. 75. Sooreyin'—Coaxing—alluring.









